

wonder how they can compete against Chinese workers making only \$2 an hour.

Fathers at the upper end of the pay scale are not immune from such nightmares either. They must still worry about corporate scandals that could rob them overnight of their pensions, stock options, and the rising cost of college education. All fathers feel a sense of growing unease about the spiraling deficits, the uncertain future of Social Security, the weakening of America's global competitiveness to the high price of international conflict. What kind of future are they leaving to their children?

On a very personal level, fathers also share common fears. Where are their children? Are they behaving? Are they growing up to be good people? Will the world be good to them in return? I know that fathers, with sons and daughters in the military, carry particularly heavy burdens of worry these days, as well as fathers who are in uniform themselves with families waiting, waiting, waiting and praying for them at home. I hope these fathers know that the prayers of the Nation are with them.

Fathers want the best for their children, which is why they push their children to do their best. To be sure, some fathers have taken this perhaps to unseemly, even dangerous, extremes, as the stories of some "sports dads" attest. But most fathers want their children to develop a healthy sense of competition, coupled with fairness, to learn to win and to learn to lose graciously, to foster a sense of perseverance that will stand their children in good stead no matter what field of endeavor they play upon.

Fathers want to encourage a good work ethic. They want to encourage good study habits. They want to encourage the character traits of reliability—according to an old Greek ideal, character is destiny—and dependability, thoughtfulness, and generosity of spirit, traits that will make good students, respected leaders, able employees and, some day, good fathers and mothers.

The best fathers, of course, practice what they preach. Parents are the best teachers, sometimes without ever giving a word of instruction. They teach by the example of their own lives.

My own dad was such a man, the greatest man I ever knew, my dad. He was not my father. He was the man who raised me. But he was the greatest man I ever knew. I have met kings and shahs and Presidents, princes, Governors, Senators. Just that old coal miner dad was the greatest man I ever knew—hard working, God-fearing, generous with the little that he had. He took me in when my mother died, and he raised me as his own.

"It is not flesh and blood but the heart which makes us fathers and sons," wrote Johann Schiller. He is right. Titus Dalton Byrd was not my biological father, but he was my dad,

pap. He is looking down from heaven right now. He is looking down. And some day I will meet him again. He was my dad.

He encouraged me in my studies. He didn't buy me a cowboy suit. He didn't buy me a cap buster. He bought me a watercolor set, a book, a drawing tablet, and some crayons. He took pride in my accomplishments.

Benjamin West said that he was made a great painter because of his mother who, when he went to her with little drawings about birds and flowers and so on, she took him up on her knee and she kissed him on the cheek. She said: Some day you are going to grow up. You will grow up to be a great painter. And that made him a great painter. He did grow up to become a great painter, made so by a mother's kiss.

So about my old coal miner dad. After a long day at work, he would spend time with me. He talked with me. He listened to me. He watched me recite. He watched me play the violin. He feared for me when I wanted to follow him into the coal mines. He shared his fear; he shared the love that was behind it. He gave me a whipping a time or two. He always told me before he whipped me that he loved me, and it hurt him probably more than it hurt me. That was my dad. He pushed me to do better, to reach higher, to work harder. He didn't want me to have to work in the mines as he did. He gave me pride in him. He never used crude language. I never heard him use God's name in vain in all the years that I knew him—ever.

He never raised a fist in anger. He never treated anyone with anything but courtesy. He was a poor, humble, hard-working coal miner. He took life as it came. He didn't grumble at what was placed before him on the table. He never complained. He never said anything about mom's cooking. He never used bad language, as I said. He carried himself—a poor miner without two nickles at times to rub together—with the quiet dignity of a true gentleman. There was a man. I am proud to share his name. I think that is one of the greatest compliments that any child can give to his or her father—that proud inflection in their voice when they say: This is my dad.

Like fathers everywhere, I delight in their every triumph, from the first breath onward, just as I mourn their every setback and disappointment. In speaking from my own experience, no father ever ceases to worry about his children and the kind of world they are inheriting. That is why I suppose it is whatever hair fathers are allowed to keep turns white.

So on this Father's Day, I remember the old coal miner dad that I had. I could see him coming from the mines. I watched him as he walked down the railroad tracks, and I ran to meet him. As I came near, he put down that dinner bucket he had carried into the bowels of the Earth there in the darkness—

the darkness of the coal mine. He put down that dinner bucket and lifted the lid, and he took out a little cake that my mom had put into the dinner bucket, and he always saved the cake for me. He gave me that cake. Yes, he took the cake into the mine, but he didn't eat the cake. He always saved the cake for me.

So on this Father's Day, I wish I could tell fathers across America to relax and enjoy the day, to sleep well, basking in the love and affection of their families. I wish I could, but I know they are still worried. That is what a father does.

Madam President, I close with a bit of verse that I memorized as a little boy. Over the years, I have come to appreciate its lesson more and more. I am sure that old coal miner dad knew it, too, for he lived with simple wisdom. It is called "The Little Chap Who Follows Me."

A careful man I ought to be,
A little fellow follows me,
I do not dare to go astray
For fear he'll go the selfsame way.

I cannot once escape his eyes,
Whate'er he sees me do, he tries;
Like me, he says, he's going to be,
The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine,
Believes in every word of mine.
The base in me he must not see,
The little chap that follows me.

I must remember as I go,
Through summer's sun and winter's snow,
In building for the years to be
The little chap who follows me.

Madam President, I yield the floor.
The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Arizona is recognized.

FATHER'S DAY

Mr. KYL. Madam President, first, I have been here for most of the remarks of the senior Senator from West Virginia, who has this evening caused me to reflect on my father on this Father's Day. I am sad to say that my father has now passed on, and that fact has caused me to think about things I probably should have thought a lot more about before he left. But it is good to be reminded of the qualities we look for in fathers and in our fathers, those who have led the way for us, and that as Father's Day approaches, I join my colleague from West Virginia in suggesting that we would all do well not only to think back on our fathers and set a good example but to think about what makes a good father in everything we do, and in whatever our roles are, to try to follow those precepts. I appreciate the important words spoken by the Senator from West Virginia.

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Senator from Arizona.

Mr. FRIST. Madam President, I want to take a few moments to reflect on an important holiday coming up this weekend—Father's Day.

On Sunday, families across America will celebrate their dads with lunches

and dinners, homemade gifts, and, if my family is typical, some gentle teasing. It is a day we show our gratitude, and we remember how important our dads are in our lives.

I was very close to my dad, and I cherish my memories of him.

When I lived in Nashville, I used to drive by my parents' house everyday on my way to work. And everyday, no matter where I was, I would call to touch base and say hello.

My father was a man of extraordinary kindness and generosity. He was known throughout the community for his good works.

Before he died, he wrote a letter to his grandchildren, passing on his humble wisdom collected over a lifetime. In it, he told them:

"Be happy in your family life. Your family is the most important thing you can ever have. Love your wife or your husband. Tell your children how great they are. Encourage them in everything they do.

"Be happy in your community. Charity is so important. There's so much good to do in the world and so many different ways to do it."

He also wrote that,

"I believe that life is made up of peaks and valleys. But the thing to remember is that the curve is always going up. The next peak is a little higher than the previous peak, the next valley isn't quite so low.

"The world is always changing, and that's a good thing. It's how you carry yourself in the world that doesn't change—morality, integrity, warmth, and kindness are the same things in 1919 when I was born, or in 2010 or later when you will be reading this. And that's a good thing, too."

I have worked hard to live up to his high ideals and the sterling example he set before us. And I have worked hard to instill these values in my own sons Bryan, Jonathan and Harrison. If I have half succeeded, that is a very good thing.

As we celebrate our fathers this weekend, I also encourage everyone to reflect on the importance of fathers to the social fabric.

The National Fatherhood Initiative, a non-profit devoted to promoting responsible fatherhood, reports that today's fathers are more present in their children's lives than ever. Dads in two-parent families spend more time with their children than the previous generation of dads. Research also indicates that today's fathers are more active and more nurturing.

And it has a big impact.

Children with involved, loving fathers—as compared to children without—are more likely to do well in school, have healthy self-esteem, show empathy, and avoid drug use, truancy, and criminal activity. The bottom line is kids do better when their dads are around. For a while America forgot just how important dads are, but now we know in our heads what we have always known in our hearts.

So, this Father's Day, we salute them. Dads on the front line who risk their lives for our freedom. Dads on the home front who go to work everyday to

support their families. America honors you as everyday you honor us.

STATEMENTS REGARDING GUANTANAMO

Mr. KYL. Madam President, one of the things I remember that my father taught me—and it has stood me in good stead, though I have not always followed the advice—is to have strong convictions but always to deal in moderation and be reasonable in your approach, to listen to other people and try to be responsible in what you say. In all things, moderation would have applied to the advice he gave me frequently. Again, not to say one should not have strong views, but you can be more effective in communicating those views if you treat people decently, if you listen to what they have to say, and if you express your own views with a degree of humility and moderation. That is something that, sad to say, even in my relatively short time in the Congress, I have seen adhered to, sadly, less and less.

Certainly, the Senator from West Virginia sets a standard for all of us in the way that he treats this body, the reverence he has for the institution and, therefore, the care he takes to deal in this body in an appropriate and responsible way, in the great tradition of the body.

I mention that because the coarsening of our language, I suppose, can be expected to be manifested first in the political environment. It certainly has occurred with increasing intensity over the years, though, not just in political campaigns but even on the floor of the Senate and engaged in by colleagues in the Congress as well as pundits and others.

Strong subjects sometimes evoke strong emotions, and perhaps that explains why some of the rhetoric surrounding the discussion of our detention of enemy combatants at Guantanamo Bay has reached such a high-pitched level, to such a high degree of hyperbole and exaggeration—I daresay, in some cases, irresponsible characterizations.

If this were simply a matter of political rhetoric and partisan politics, I suppose that in some senses it could be excused, though it is not helpful. But here the consequences of such language, this over-the-top kind of rhetoric, can actually be detrimental to the effort of the United States that all of us support—certainly to the people we put in harm's way, our men and women in the military, and the other services that are helping us to fight the war on terror.

This is why it distresses me to hear the characterizations of American activities and Americans as being equated with some of the worst actors in the history of mankind—phrases thrown around, apparently, somewhat thoughtlessly, without due regard for the consequences, when enemies of the United States seize on the flimsiest of

things to take to the streets and riot and kill each other.

The unfortunate reporting of Newsweek Magazine—which turned out not to be true—regarding desecration of the Holy Koran caused Muslims in the world—thousands and thousands—to riot and cause harm to each other. I believe there were at least three deaths that resulted, if I am not mistaken. Words have consequences, and when Americans speak in irresponsible terms about the actions of Americans who are simply trying to do their best in trying circumstances, in ways that denigrate their motives, denigrate their actions, and that call into question the entire character of America, because of these actions, it is irresponsible. And it should not be engaged in, especially it should not be countenanced by Members of this body or the Congress, certainly not engaged in by leaders in this body. Yet, sad to say, we all have heard in the last few days this kind of language.

I will get back to that in a moment. Let me go back and try to provide some perspective about this entire debate about Guantanamo Bay.

Guantanamo Bay is a place where the United States Government has had a lease from the Cuban Government for a long time and spent about \$150 million to build a prison facility to house many of the people who had been detained in the war on terrorism, primarily people who were on the battlefield in Afghanistan, there being no facilities adequate in Afghanistan.

It is a place that was designed to be able to accommodate people of different cultures. It is significantly managed by Americans who have a significant degree of medical background and training in the culture of Islam in order to ensure that the people there are treated as humanely as possible under the circumstances and with due regard for not only their human rights but their faith as well.

This country needs to apologize to no one in the way that over the years we have tried to adhere to human rights standards and treat people of faith appropriately. Certainly the stories—and I say "stories" because in most cases, they are mere allegations that are untrue—of treatment of people at Guantanamo Bay have raised the interest of Americans because we are a people who instinctively pull back from such kind of conduct. We do not want to be even against terrorists engaged in inhumane activity. That is why these stories have such resonance.

Yet this facility, which takes care of these people in some respects even better than the troops there—in terms of the sleeping quarters, meals, and so on—this facility is as good, I think, as any prisoner of war facility in recent memory and certainly with the attention of the media, the International Red Cross, visits by American officials—there have been thousands of visits. It is a very wide open facility in that sense.